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THE CITY OF VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VANCOUVER.

A TWELVE YEAR OLD CITY.

JUST where the sunny hills of the coast-range, which are a more or less broken continuation of the Cordilleras, slope down to meet the sweep of the Pacific waters, there lies on a promontory of British Columbian soil what Mr. Douglas Sladen has so appropriately termed "the Liverpool of the West."

Were the history of this remarkably progressive sea-port to be written down in detail, the volumes would form a small library, for during the twelve years of its existence, fire and flood, land booms and mining booms, railway schemes and marine enterprises, have followed so quickly upon one another's heels, that, within the short space of a decade, there has sprung up upon the shores of Burrard Inlet a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants, one of immense commercial and maritime importance, and last, but not least, as things go now-a-days, a city that is the chief outfitting, and the only necessary transshipping point between Eastern Canada and the Klondyke gold fields.

In the year 1885 there was no Vancouver—nought save an impenetra-

ble forest of pine trees reigned in all the calm majesty of undisturbed possession where now stone buildings and human beings are thicker than the brambles of olden days, and man's dogged determination, aided by steam and electricity, has evolved out of the primeval forest the greatest Canadian business centre west of the Rocky Mountains.

It frequently occurs that Nature, in her all-wisdom, having designed some particular spot as a suitable site for a prosperous city, and bestowed upon it unrivalled advantages as a sea-port, man, in his abysmal blindness, will pass by the desirable locality, and pitch upon a place of inferior qualifications whereon to expend his labours; but for once Nature proposed, and man accepted, the offer of as beautiful and convenient a site for the terminal city of the Canadian Pacific Railway as could be found in all British Columbia, and in consequence Vancouver has grown and prospered far beyond the most sanguine hopes of those who first called her into existence.

The passenger on board the west-bound express catches his first glimpse

of the city immediately after leaving the little settlement of Hastings, and, as the train winds round the bluffs, and, hugging the shores of the harbour, runs at slackened speed into the city limits, past wharves and warehouses, crossing busy streets, now crowded with the extra traffic entailed by the rush to Klondyke, and skirting docks where steamers, tugs, sailing vessels and ocean liners lie at anchor, draws up close beside the the magnificent new terminal buildings of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the thought uppermost in his mind is: "What a regular business town!"

Far different is the impression created in the mind of him who approaches the town for the first time from the seaward; for the beautiful harbour entrance, the wild grandeur of the Narrows through which all ocean-going vessels must pass in order to reach the shelter of the port, and the mountain ranges with their snowy caps lying to the North of Burrard Inlet, are sufficient to inspire everyone with unlimited admiration for these glorious works of Nature; and deep in my heart there will be through the years to come a lasting remembrance of that summer day when I first crossed the Gulf of Georgia.

A preliminary view of the town is obtained as the vessel steams past English Bay, the fashionable suburban beach and picnicing grounds of young Vancouver; whither all summer long,

from May until October, children and nurses, mothers and babies, flock in hundreds to enjoy the fresh salt breezes and excellent sea-bathing.

As the steamer "Islander" rounded the western points of Stanley Park, and we forged swiftly across the tide-rip that guards the mouth of the Narrows, the glorious July sun bathing earth and water in a flood of opalescent light, the picture that lay stretched out before us called for the brush of a Turner, or the pen of a Ruskin, to do

it justice. Each little sandy bay, where the waves broke merrily over as they chased one another up the yellow incline, looked a very haven of rest, and the rising banks of scrub and thicket, flanked by red cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), and Douglas Fir (*Pseudo-Tsuga Douglassii*) trees hid from view the road which, with many tortuous windings, now skirting the shore, now turning inland, encircles the Reserve, and forms a charming drive of some eight or nine miles through this won-



MR. MARPOLE.

General Superintendent Pacific Division of the C. P. Railway.

derful natural park.

How the sunlight danced and sparkled upon the crest of the waves, and sliding thence fell into the embrace of the deep, green water-troughs! How it gleamed and shimmered as the foam sprang up to meet it in the air! The wind came ruffling across the wavetops, finally burying itself amidst the swaying crowns of the pines, and gently shaking with its parting breath a soft shower of

needles from the evergreen branches.

On past Siwash Rock we glided, curving in arched course towards the entrance of the Inlet, where to the right the juts of rock piled high up above each other against the blue sky, and to the left the land swept away northwards to the foot of Mount Crown. A swish—a swirl—and we were steaming into Vancouver Harbour on the bosom of a full tide, borne through the Narrows as in a triumphal progress by the mighty rush of waters; on past the Park and the Brockton Point Athletic Grounds, past the mouth of the Capilano River whose pure mountain waters supply the city's needs, until, with another turn, we rounded the lighthouse, and there before us lay, sun-steeped and placid, the far-famed Harbour of Vancouver.

Truly a magnificent panorama! A stretch of deep blue sea, varying from half-a-mile to three miles in width, the great maritime waters of Burrard Inlet, Canada's far-western port. Away to the east, beyond the city limits, the sea runs for twenty-four miles up inland, though the portion practically used as a harbour is approximately only two miles wide and three miles long, a goodly anchorage for ships of all tonnage. Here and there a sloop-rigged yacht flew over the glancing waves, and skiffs in plenty were passing hither and thither, rowed by those on pleasure bent, or sailed by fishermen bound on a whiting-catch or salmon-troll.

As I stood and gazed beyond all these, upon the city resting so peacefully beneath the summer sky, the undulating hills whereon it is situated, crowned with buildings an older town might well have envied, there sounded in my ears some shrill notes of a siren-whistle, quickly followed by that booming tone which denotes the departure of a large steamer; and presently there floated slowly away from her moorings at the dock the *Empress of India*, one of the Canadian Pacific liners which run between Vancouver, China and Japan. The huge white hull of the vessel, freshly painted, looked well in



VANCOUVER—STANLEY PARK IN AUTUMN.

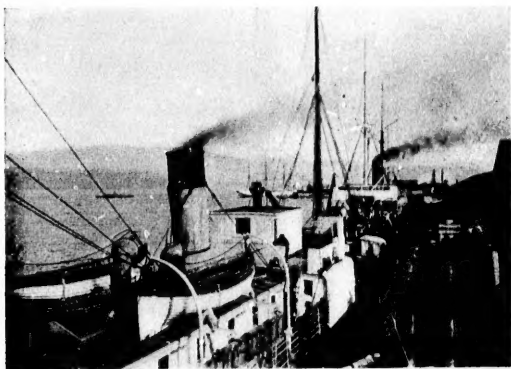
keeping with the joyous noon-tide, and, as she rapidly approached our smaller craft, a full view could be obtained of her decks crowded with westward-bound passengers; and the magnificent sweep of her lines, together with a marked beauty of shape and proportion was presently noticeable.

Soon after reaching Vancouver I had an opportunity of going over one of the Trans-Pacific "Empresses," and was thus enabled to further note how excellent are all the equipments of these ships. Comfort has been thoroughly studied in every detail, and it were difficult to imagine anything more pleasant than to speed away across the ocean at the rate of eighteen knots an hour aboard the *Empress* of either *India*, *China*, or *Japan*. An immense saloon, a charming library fitted up with cosy-corners and writing-tables, splendid bath-rooms, light, airy cabins, and a first-rate table—what more can the heart of man (or woman either) desire upon a sea voyage?

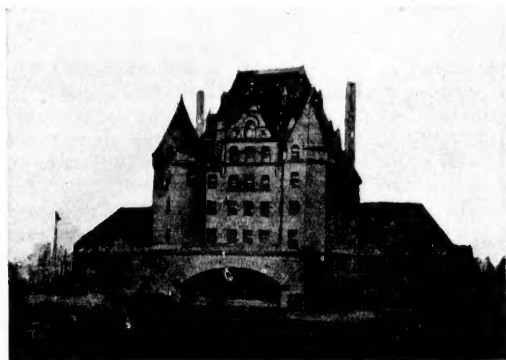
In the waters of the harbour lie also the vessels of the Canadian-Australian Line, and steamers connecting Vancou-



VANCOUVER—CORDOVA STREET.



VANCOUVER—BOATS LOADING FOR THE KLONDYKE.



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. M. HENDERSON FROM ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.
THE NEW C.P.R. STATION—NOW BUILDING.

ver with the Puget Sound ports, Portland and San Francisco; also boats bound for Skagway, Dyea and other northern points. The local steamship traffic, too, is very considerable, and daily communication has been established by boat with Victoria, Nanaimo and the Fraser River ports, whilst week by week there come and go through the lion-guarded gateway of the Narrows numberless trading vessels from all parts of the world.

It is indeed a motley collection of crafts that greet the eye as one glances across the Inlet from an elevated vantage point, and describes to right and left sugar ships from Java, lumber ships bound for South Africa, France or Belgium, and general cargo vessels from Great Britain; some at anchor awaiting orders, others floating away in a stately manner, drawn out to sea by the ever-irrepressible tug; and one realizes fully, when looking out over this vista of trading and passenger ships, that within her harbour lies the greatest commercial strength of Vancouver.

Now to turn for a few minutes from the sea to the other aspects of the twelve-year-old city. Most passing strange it is to easterners to find in this mushroom town electric light and gas from one end to the other, ten miles of electric street cars, cement side walks and asphalt-paved streets, fine cut-stone "blocks," and seven chartered banks occupying premises that would do honor to an old established com-

munity. The private residences of citizens are also admirably built, standing for the most part in well-kept gardens, where flowers bloom from February until November, and vegetation flourishes with all the luxuriance of semi-tropical growth.

The Hotel Vancouver is an excellent abiding place, and surpasses anything west of Toronto in point of structure, fittings and *table d'hôte*. Needless to remark, like many other admirable local institutions, it is under the management of the C.P.R., and Vancouver being the terminus both of the Company's railway and steamship lines, nothing has been spared to insure the comfort of travellers.

The Opera House, too, belongs to the Railroad Company. It has a seating capacity of twelve hundred, and quite the finest drop-curtain in Canada, the latter having been painted by Seavey a first-rate New York artist, from a view near Canmore, in the Rocky Mountains, showing the peaks of The Three Sisters.

Manufactures and industries abound in the neighbourhood. Saw mills, iron works, factories, breweries, a sugar refinery, shipyards,—have all sprung up around a solid phalanx of warehouses, shops, offices, and wholesale business establishments, where, at the present time, a steadily increasing trade is being done; whilst churches, hospitals, a new City Hall, Court House and Post Office all betoken the transformation of the City by the



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARDS BROS.

VANCOUVER—ENGLISH BAY.



SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARDS BROS.

VANCOUVER—C.P.R. HOTEL.



VANCOUVER—STANLEY PARK.

Sea from a collection of wooden shacks to a civilized centre of commerce.

Never has the tide of local prosperity run higher than it does to-day. Property stands at a fair value, the mining industry is advancing with rapid strides, new firms are opening up in the city, new buildings and residences in the course of construction meet the eye at every turn; and added to



VANCOUVER—LIEUT.-COL. WORSNOP.

this, increased wharf accommodation and a new railway station have practically been necessitated by the magnitude of the Klondyke trade, and the steady stream of regular travel.

Vancouver has yet another thing of

which she is justly proud, namely, her militia forces, and a finer body of men than the Second Battalion of the Fifth Regiment of Canadian Artillery, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Worsnop, it would be difficult to find throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. The Pacific Coast district is in all respects equal in importance to that of Halifax; both form the maritime boundaries of Canada, and the fact that Vancouver is situated three thousand miles distant from the Ontario and Quebec centres does not lessen its value as the western military outpost of the Dominion.

It is perchance, in a measure, due to the conglomeration of nationalities represented in her harbour that Vancouver has become such a thoroughly cosmopolitan city, for every clime under heaven appears to have contributed its mite towards the stream of humanity that incessantly ebbs and flows along the streets and on the wharves.

White men and yellow Chinese, Negroes and swarthy Italians, Spaniards, Coreans and Japanese ever intermingling with the new *genus homo*, the "Klondyker," jostle one another as they pass by, and any day you may hear the Irish brogue, or the canny speech of the Scot, combined with American wit, German expletives, or French idioms, as you take your constitutional stroll down the length of Cordova street. All these diverse types vastly interest and amuse a stranger, and invariably cause him to wonder how on earth such an admixture of temperaments, creeds, and prejudices, to say nothing of languages and customs, has ever succeeded in building up so fine a commercial city. Truly, it is a confederation of opposing forces, bent primarily on promoting trade, and who, with the "Almighty Dollar" as their goal, have evidently found sufficient unity of purpose to bind them together in the interests of prosperity and advancement.

Julian Durham.